

The Mirror

OF

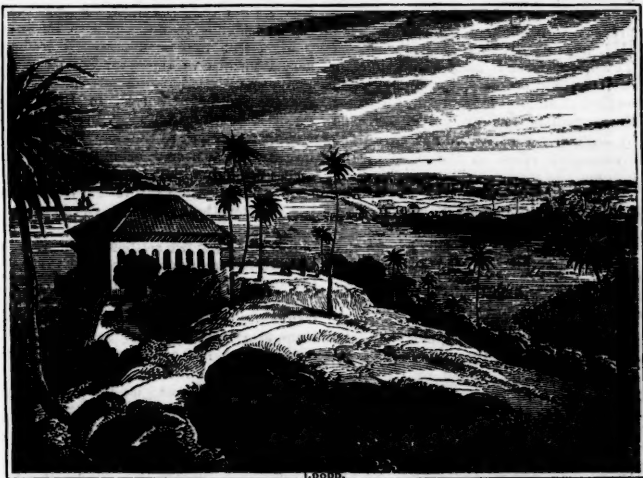
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 498.]

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[PRICE 2d.]

BOMBAY.



Residence of "STERNE'S ELIZA:" from Mr. Burford's Panorama.

THE annexed is little more than a vignette of a panoramic view of one of the most superb spots that ever "sun view'd in his wide career." To represent such a place within an amphitheatre of canvass required much of the confidence of human art; and to bring all the dazzling brilliancy within a small circle must have been a task of no ordinary difficulty. Ingenuity and experience have, however, triumphed; and, from a series of sketches made by the celebrated Mr. Fraser,—a picture, nay a living picture, of extreme beauty and accuracy has been produced by Mr. Burford, with surprising celerity. This was opened for public exhibition a few weeks since.* Its whole representation is not within compass of the *Mirror*; but, our eye roving amidst its luxuriant beauties, soon fell upon *Belvedere*, in sentimental story—remembered as the residence of Mrs. E. Draper, the "the ELIZA" and fair

* One of the most gratifying acknowledgements of its accuracy was that of the Rajah Rammohun Roy, who was present at the private view. This interesting person declared himself delighted with the fidelity of the whole scene.

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correspondent of STERNE; and beyond this romantic abode, the splendid *harbour*, studded with innumerable sails. What a scene of melancholy repose and glittering life: how it delights one to linger amidst such lights and shadows.

But the Island of Bombay merits some general notice, and then we propose to set off the above gem of its beauty. The natives, in the best enthusiasm of love of country, call it "Ma-ha, Maha, Devy, Devy," or "the Island of the Great God." Bishop Heber supposes it to have been originally, and at no very distant period, "a cluster of small detached rocks which have been joined together by the gradual progress of coral reefs, aided by the sand thrown up by the sea, and covered with the vegetable mould occasioned by the falling leaves of the sea-loving cocoa." What a beautiful simplification is this of one of the most important processes in the grand laboratory of Nature.

"Bombay," observes Mr. Burford's *Key*, "is the third independent English presidency, and the seat of government

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for the western parts of India : it is considered the principal mart of Arabian and Persian commerce, as well from its advantageous situation, as from its large, commodious, and well-sheltered harbour, which offers, at all seasons, secure anchorage to any number of vessels of the largest size. The circumference of the island is about twenty miles, the greatest breadth three. The present view, taken from Mazagong Hill, a short distance from the Black Town, embraces a considerable portion of its extent, and is picturesque, varied, and beautiful in an extraordinary degree : the immediate fore-ground is occupied by singularly-constructed and curiously-ornamented villas on the sides of the hill, and the pleasant village of the same name at its base ; towards the south-east stretches the Black Town, in a vast grove of cocoa palms, the esplanade covered with innumerable white tents and wooden bungalows, and the town, or, as it is generally termed, the Fort of Bombay, forming the extreme point ; towards the north, a constant succession of villas and cottages enliven the beach, many of them strongly resembling those of Switzerland and England, surrounded by pleasure-grounds and gardens, filled with the splendid trees and shrubs indigenous to the soil ; the east is occupied by the bay, whose smooth expanse of transparent blue is here and there broken by beautifully-wooded islands, to which the lofty and whimsically-shaped ghâts and mountains of the continent form a striking back-ground ; the remaining point takes in a portion of the interior, the surface of which, being unequal and rocky, affords a variety of fine scenery, the low or marshy grounds being covered with *batta* or rice, and the high composed of rock and sand, presenting extensive woods, containing every variety of the palm tribe, particularly the cocoa and *brab*, lending their pleasant shade to innumerable native huts, their dark-green foliage forming a pleasing contrast to the brilliant blossoms of the magnificent *hibiscus*, the golden *mohur*, the beautiful *oleander*, the *gloriosa superba*, tulips, mangos, jumboos, &c., by which they are surrounded, and forming together such a scene as the East alone can produce.

"Until the year 1530, it formed part of the Mogul province of Arungabad, and was dependent on a native chief residing at Tannah, in Salsette, when it was ceded to, and settled by, the Portuguese. In 1661 it was presented to Charles II., on his espousals with the Infanta Catherine, as part of her por-

tion, and James Ley, Earl of Marlborough, sent to take possession, the Viceroy evading the cession through an imperfection in the treaty. The earl returned to England leaving 500 men on the island, who, four years after, when possession was formally given, were wasted by disease to 119 : at this time the inhabitants were about 10,000. It was soon discovered that the revenues of the island were not equal to its expenses, and that a contraband trade, very injurious to the East India Company, was carried on. These and other reasons induced Charles, in 1668, to grant it to the Company, in free and common socage, as the manor of East Greenwich, at a rent of ten pounds in gold per annum, payable at the Custom House, London, on the 30th of September. After the capture of Bantam by the Dutch, Bombay was constituted an independent English settlement, and soon became the centre of the trade, as well as the seat of the British power in the East.

Since this period the settlement has frequently been in a very precarious state at times, from the unhealthiness of the island, two monsoons being proverbially said to be the age of man ; and at others, from the jealousies of the native powers, being liable to the incursions of the Arabs, Mahrattas, and Portuguese, and having been several times nearly depopulated by the plague ; yet, in spite of these difficulties, it has kept pace with the power of the Company, increasing in wealth and consequence, until it may now be accounted one of the most important and durable of the British possessions in India."

Of the whole Panorama, as a work of art, we think highly. Its faithful execution coupled with the importance of the place it represents, will, doubtless, render it one of the most popular of Mr. Burford's paintings. The colouring is rich, but natural. The grotesque forms of the dwellings intermingled with the luxuriant foliage, have a peculiarly pleasing effect. The plantain, the mango, and the cocoa palms are among its natural glories. Of the palm, Gibbon states that the Asiatics celebrated in verse and prose, three hundred and sixty uses to which the tree, branches, and fruit were applied. Again, other of its wonders are of great interest : what reader but recollects the Caves of Elephants, and the mythological antiquities, ruins of temples, tanks, &c. denoting the olden glory of the Island of Salsette.

It is, however, time to turn to the Engraving. The house in the fore-

ground is a handsome old-fashioned building, overlooking the harbour, and was formerly part of a Portuguese convent. Here lived ELIZA. She was a native of Arenjo, and was the wife of Mr. Daniel Draper, a counsellor of Bombay, and, in 1775, chief of the factory at Surat. During a short stay in England, for the benefit of her health, she became acquainted with Sterne, and their correspondence took place previous to her departure for India, in 1767. On her return to Bombay, she was weak enough to listen to the seductive arts of an officer in the navy, to whom, although closely watched, she contrived to escape by means of a rope ladder, from one of the upper apartments of this house; she, however, soon repented the sacrifice, and died somewhere on the coast, the victim of his baseness.* What wretchedness is told in these few lines: If the reader feel not thus, let him refer to the Letter of "the excellent Abbé Raynal," which we reprinted in our last volume.† The Abbé, we know, was a man of brilliant imagination, but allowing for his enthusiasm, the loveliness with which he invests Eliza can scarcely be transcended. Sterne did not live to hear of her lamentable exit; Raynal on this account says, "*Fortunate Sterne, thou art no more, and I am left behind. I wept over thee with Eliza, thou wouldst weep over her with me; and had it been the will of heaven that you had both survived me, your tears would have fallen together on my grave.*" Again, his solemn and concluding vow: "Eliza from the highest heaven, thy first and last country, receive my oath: *I swear not to write one line in which thy friend may not be recognised.*" Sterne, for his friendship with this accomplished woman, became the object of ridicule and slander; and in this vile spirit, one of his traducers published, anonymously, "Letters supposed to have been written by Yorick to Eliza." We need not add that the whole was an unblushing forgery. The best, and at the same time the most merited eulogium we have ever read on Sterne, is by a comic writer, who held him to be "a moralist in the noblest sense: he plays, indeed, with the fancy, and sometimes, perhaps, too wantonly; but while he thus designedly masks his main attack, he comes at once upon the heart; refines, amends it, softens it; beats down each selfish barrier from about it, and opens every sluice of pity and benevolence."‡

* From Mr. Barford's Key.

† See Mirror, vol. xvii. p. 275

‡ Preface to Sterne's Works, 4 vols. 1815.

The Harbour of Bombay, seen in the distance of the Engraving, is considered to be one of the finest in the world: it is accessible at all seasons, and from its land-locked situation and excellent anchorage, affords protection to any number of vessels, during the most tempestuous seasons. At the mouth of the harbour is caught the bombaloe, a species of sand-eel, found in no other part of the world, and the pomfret, resembling a small whiting. Such is the delicacy of these fish, that the epicure Quin once contemplated a voyage to India, for the sole purpose of eating them in perfection. What a *prime* minister or clerk of the kitchen would Quin have been to Sardanapalus.

Bombay is said to be more populous, and to contain a greater variety of inhabitants, than is to be found in so small a space in any other part of the world: Europeans, Parsees, Hindoos, Mahometans, half-castes, Jews, Turks, Arabs, Chinese, &c., present an endless variety of feature, and a pleasing and picturesque diversity of costume, from the wealthy Persian or Mahometan, labouring under the weight of the richest silks, to the humble and graceful white cotton or muslin garb of the more than half-naked Hindoo. With the exception of the cocoa and plantain trees, there is scarcely any article of food cultivated in Bombay. The whole produce of the island in a year, it is calculated, would not furnish the consumption of six weeks; but, from its situation, only a few miles from the Mahratta shore and the fertile island of Salsette, the markets are daily supplied with the luxuries as well as the necessities of life.

TO MYRA.

(For the Mirror.)

NAY, tempt not with those glowing eyes!
Which shed such rays of soft delight,
Lest, as the moth unpitied dies,
I meet my fate, in rapture's light.

And yet, why chide those orbs divine?
Whence unavell'd cherubs sparkling rove,
To gild those rays in which they shine,
And ripen rapture into love.

T. J.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE FLY-LEAF OF A BIBLE.

(For the Mirror.)

READER—has sorrow dimmed thine erst bright eye?

Has care ploughed on thy brow his furrows deep?

Say—dost thou mourn the bliss of days gone by?
Do those thine heart hath loved in silence sleep?

Doth busy memory dash with bitter tears
Thy draining cup of life—doth conscience
frown?

Is thy heart torn with dark foreboding fears?
Or art thou borne by stern affliction down?

Then mortal know! that here a balm is found,
A solace kind, for every human woe,
A spring whose waters life diffuse around,
Read—and the burning tear shall cease to flow.
—Dorsetshire. COLBOURNE.

LARGE LILAC TREE.

(For the Mirror.)

In a small space behind a house in Artillery-court, Chiswell-street, Finsbury, is a fine old lilac tree, which can be proved to be upwards of 100 years old. It grows in a box of earth of small dimensions, but it is supposed that its roots reach some spring, or other source of nutriment. It is 16 inches in girth in the largest part, and 18 feet in height. Even now it flowers every year, though not so abundantly as formerly.

In the last century, the house was occupied by a well-known and much-respected merchant, of the name of De Birdt. The person who succeeded him would now, if living, be 100 years of age; and he used to say, that when he came apprentice to Mr. De Birdt, "it was a goodly tree." So that it appears to have been planted before Mr. De B. occupied the premises.

The same family still reside in the house, and every care is taken to prolong the existence of this venerable plant. S. K.

FLOWERS AND ROSES.

(To the Editor.)

In some of your former numbers you have mentioned the subject of Flowers; and, by your permission, I will add to your *leaves* a few remarks—not in a *flowery* style—upon the queen of flowers, the lovely and beloved Rose.

The Turkish lover has a decided advantage over us colder sons of the north; he can compose a sonnet in his garden by arranging flowers according to the language of love, prevalent in those climes. The nosegay becomes a "*billet-doux*;" while we unsophisticated mortals are obliged to run away with a lady's heart by having recourse to our syllabic feet.

"Lives there a man who never felt"—what?—the charm of flowers? I cannot commend the taste of some men in the choice of their favourite flowers—as for instance, the worthy J. F. Pennie, the Dorset poet, actually admires a daffodowdilly; nor can I imagine the tulip

mania of the unimpassioned Dutchman; and must also deprecate the fashion of a fair acquaintance, who carries a complete *flower-bed* on the top of her bonnet, with a gawky "nid-nid-nodding" long-backed tulip towering upward, and bobbing backward and forward, like an impassioned musician executing some ecstatic passage, or like a raw Scotchman, entering into life with more hopes than money, and more bows than either.

Flowers are ever welcome to us: it is not *fashion*, it is nature—fashion has nothing to do with it. Flowers have at all times, periods, and ages, attracted the affections of man: it is a delicious, genuine spark of a universal poetical sentiment. Old Evelyn says, in his *Sylva*—"Flowers and redolent plants are just emblems of the life of man, which has been compared in Holy Scriptures to those fading beauties whose roots being buried in dishonour, rise again in glory!"

Flowers are in request, whether at a feast or a funeral—whether to scatter round the wine table, or to strew upon the grave. The titled dame wears them in wreaths to adorn her person; and the merry dustman sticks a posy in his white, coarse jacket, when he is full-dressed, to enjoy a Monday game at skittles. Almacks and the skittle-ground boast alike the presence of flowers. The rustic bridegroom wears a nosegay on his going to church; and the malefactor was favoured with a similar ornament, on his way to the fatal tree at Tyburn! The Druids exhibited flowers at their festivals; in the Grecian ceremonies, flowers were scattered in profusion; and the Romans founded floral games 173 years before Christ,—which games, by the by, were re-established at the May Festivals, in 1323, by the Troubadours.

But of all flowers, what can be more lovely, more enchanting, than the rose—the blushing rose—with the morning dew glistening on its coral leaf! Its form is all elegance and grace, modesty is in its bend, and its perfume is the breath of love.

Reader, if you wish to behold a rose in its lovely innocence, visit a rose-tree in full bearing on a summer morning, when the sun has just risen;—if you would feel its magic power, receive it as the first acknowledgement of affection from one you love, and every leaf is an ambuscade of Cupid;—if you would estimate the value of life, and the tinsel of its glitter, keep the rose, and watch its sadings. Evelyn observes—"This sweet flower, borne on a branch set with thorns, and accompanied with

the lily, are natural hieroglyphics of our fugitive, umbratile, anxious, and transitory life, which, making a show for a time, is not without thorns and crosses.*

The rose was a favourite in all ages and periods. The roses of Sharon are recorded in Scripture. The Romans scattered them on the graves. Propertius says—

“— et tenerâ poneret ossa rosâ;”

and Byron, in a letter from Bologna, dated June 7, 1819, makes the following postscript:—“Here, as in Greece, they strew flowers on the tombs; I saw a quantity of rose leaves and entire roses scattered over the graves at Ferrara. It has the most pleasing effect you can imagine.”

This custom still obtains in the village of Bletchingley, in Surrey, where they scatter roses in the coffin as well as on it, and upon the grave.* In some places rose-trees are planted on the sod which covers mouldering mortality; and at Père la Chaise, it is the custom for the mourning relative or friend to scatter flowers, or to plant a shrub, upon the grave, in all the sincerity of affection.

The ancients, who understood allegory and beautiful poetical sentiments, felt the value of the rose; and what allusion can be more elegant and chaste, in reference to the ephemeral pleasures of beauty and the transitory splendours of life, than the placing a butterfly upon a rose? Such is the subject of a Grecian gem preserved at Vienna.

Anacreon, the hearty old gentleman who was worthy of being a London alderman, dedicated an ode to the rose. Virgil preferred the lily.

“—Manibus date lilia plenis,
Purpureos spargam flores.”

EN. VI. 883.

The oriental fabulist has poetically coupled the nightingale with the rose—the bird of song to the queen of flowers; and the soul-melting note of the *bulbul*, as it floats upon the stillness of the midnight air, is supposed to be the fervent prayer of Love, addressed to the coy and bashful object of its affection—some lovely rose—upon which he looks with delight and in silence during the day, and courts in the stillness and darkness of the night.

The rose was in great estimation at convivial feasts. The Persian poet Hafez calls for roses to be scattered round him when he is at his wine feasts. The Romans purchased them at enormous prices, to float on their Falernian; and

* At Ockley, near Dorking: and Barnes also in Surrey, roses may be seen blooming on graves.—See *Mirror*, vol. xvi. p. 175.—Ed. M.

the luxurious Gallienus was accustomed to sleep on a bed of rose-leaves.

Some say that the rose was sacred to Harpocrates, the god of silence;—it was sacred to Venus, being the medium of a lover's thoughts, and might have denoted silence respecting her mysteries. It was subsequently used at convivial meetings, implying secrecy among the guests:

Est rosa flos Veneris, cujus quo furta latent

Harpocrati matris dona dicavit amor

Inde rosam monitis hospes suspendit amicis

Convivie ut sub ea dicta tacenda sciat.

Placing a rose in the ear was usual with lovers—implying, “Hear all and say nothing.”* At Kirtling, in Cambridgeshire, is a juvenile portrait of Elizabeth, with a red rose sticking in her ear; and without wishing to disparage the character of good Queen Bess, I cannot but attribute much of her fair fame to the discretion of her favourites. This little hieroglyphical coquetry is lost, but I admire its quaint conceit.

There is a relic of Druidical superstition yet extant with regard to the rose: it is to be gathered on the awful Midsummer Eve—that once grand festival in this country, when our wandering ancestors were breechless vagabonds, and when the learned and cunning Druids, the aristocrats of those times, hoaxed the people into the most praiseworthy submission. The ceremony I allude to is mentioned in the *Connoisseur*, No. 50: “Our maid Betty tells me, that if I go backward, without speaking a word, into the garden upon Midsummer-eve, and gather a rose, and keep it in a clean sheet of paper, without looking at it till Christmas-day, it will be as fresh as in June; and if I then stick it in my bosom, he that is to be my husband will come and take it out.”

Young maidens of the present day take a more summary mode in matters of that kind; and the withered old maid may gather Midsummer roses till she has faded away like the flower.

The term *under the rose* implies secrecy, and is of very remote origin, namely, from the Roman period. The early Catholic priests, who availed themselves of Pagan superstitions and customs that did not interfere with their plans, adopted the conceit; and as the confessions of repentant sinners were never revealed, they adorned the confessional boxes with wreaths of roses, generally over the entrance; and hence the term (referring to a Catholic confessional) that what was whispered *under the rose* should never be divulged.

* Burton's *Anat. Melanch.* 5, 39.

It is by no means an unusual thing for me to be in Covent-garden market early in the mornings; and it would astonish many a Cockney to see the quantities of roses which are daily brought. In a few short hours I see the flowers which were handled by greasy, coarse Irishwomen transferred to the waist of some courtly dame, or daintily carried between the taper fingers of some exquisite. But even in the bustle of the market, when handled by dirty hands, amid the short Irish and their short pipes—even if puffed upon with the coarsest tobacco smoke—even amid all this profanation, the rose diffuses a grace on all around: like an elegant and accomplished female, who will always be the object of attraction and respect, in whatever circumstances or situations she may be placed.

Farewell for the present; and if I should hereafter learn that any satisfaction arose in consequence of my letter on the rose, it may cause the ideas to bud again of your faithful correspondent,

JAMES SYLVESTER.

Anecdote Gallery.

ANECDOTES

From Mr. Croker's Edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson.

Henry Erskine.—"It was on a visit to the parliament-house that Mr. Henry Erskine (brother of Lord Buchan and Lord Erskine), after being presented to Dr. Johnson by Mr. Boswell, and having made his bow, slipped a shilling into Boswell's hand, whispering that it was for the sight of his bear."—*Walter Scott.*

Charles II. and his Ladies.—"Lord Hailes was hypercritical. Vane was handsome, or, what is more to our purpose, appeared so to her royal lover; and Sedley, whatever others may have thought of her, had 'the charms which pleased a king.' So that Johnson's illustrations are morally just. His lordship's proposed substitution of a fabulous (or at least apocryphal) beauty like *Jane Shore*, whose story, even if true, was obsolete; or that of a foreigner like *Mlle. de La Vallière*, little known and less cared for amongst us, is not only tasteless but inaccurate; for *Mlle. de la Vallière's* beauty was quite as much questioned by her contemporaries as *Miss Sedley's*. Bussy Rabutin was exiled for sneering at Louis's admiration of her mouth, which he calls

— un bec amoureux.

Qui d'une oreille à l'autre va.

And Madame du Plessis-Belièvre writes

to Fouquet, 'Mlle. de La Vallière a fait la capable envers moi. Je l'ay encensée par sa beauté, qui n'est pourtant pas grand.' And, finally, after Lord Hailes had clipped down the name of *De La Vallière* into *Vallière*, his ear might have told him that it did not yet even fit the metre."—*Croker.*

Cold Sheep's Head.—"Begging pardon of the doctor and his conductor, I have often seen and partaken of cold sheep's head at as good breakfast tables as ever they sat at. This protest is something in the manner of the late Culrossie, who fought a duel for the honour of Aberdeen butter. I have passed over all the doctor's other reproaches upon Scotland, but the sheep's head I will defend *totis viribus*. Dr. Johnson himself must have forgiven my zeal on this occasion; for if, as he says, dinner be the thing of which a man thinks *oftenest during the day*, breakfast must be that of which he thinks *first in the morning*."—*Walter Scott.*

Sir Allan Maclean.—"Sir Allan Maclean, like many Highland chiefs, was embarrassed in his private affairs, and exposed to unpleasant solicitations from attorneys, called in Scotland, *writers*, (which, indeed was the chief motive of his retiring to Inch Kenneth.) Upon one occasion he made a visit to a friend, then residing at Carron lodge, on the banks of the Carron, where the banks of that river are studded with pretty villas; Sir Allan, admiring the landscape, asked his friend whom that handsome sent belonged to. 'M——, the writer to the signet,' was the reply. 'Umph!' said Sir Allan, but not with an accent of assent, 'I mean that other house.' 'Oh! that belongs to a very honest fellow, Jamie——, also a writer to the signet. 'Umph!' said the Highland chief of M'Lean, with more emphasis than before. 'And yon smaller house?' 'That belongs to a Stirling man; I forget his name, but I am sure he is a writer, too, for——.' Sir Allan, who had recoiled a quarter of a circle backward at every response, now wheeled the circle entire, and turned his back on the landscape, saying, 'My good friend, I must own, you have a pretty situation here; but d—n your neighbourhood.'"—*Walter Scott.*

Dr. Robertson and Johnson.—"Boswell himself was callous to the contacts of Dr. Johnson; and when telling them, always reminded one of a jockey receiving a kick from the horse which he is showing off to a customer, and is grinning with pain while he is trying to cry out, 'pretty rogue—no vice—all

fun.' To him Johnson's rudeness was only '*pretty Fanny's way*.' Dr. Robertson had a sense of good breeding which inclined him rather to forego the benefit of Johnson's conversation than awaken his rudeness."—*Walter Scott*.

Lord Elibank and Johnson.—"Lord Elibank made a happy retort on Dr. Johnson's definition of oats, as the food of horses in England, and of men in Scotland: 'Yes,' said he; 'and where else will you see *such horses and such men*?'"—*Walter Scott*.

Sir John Malcolm once asked Warren Hastings, who was contemporary and a companion of Dr. Johnson and Boswell, what was his real estimation of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*? 'Sir,' replied Hastings, 'it is the *dirtiest* book in my library;' then proceeding, he added, 'I knew Boswell intimately; and I well remember, when his book first made its appearance, Boswell was so full of it, that he could neither think nor talk of any thing else; so much so, that meeting Lord Thurlow hurrying through Parliament-street to get to the House of Lords, where an important debate was expected, for which he was already too late, Boswell had the temerity to stop and accost him with—'Have you read my book?' 'Yes, G—d d—n you!' replied Lord Thurlow, 'every word of it; I could not help myself.'"—*Literary Gazette*.

Notes of a Reader.

VULGARISMS.

A LITTLE book of "the Improprieties frequent in writing and conversation, with Corrections for attaining to purity and elegance of expression," has lately appeared, under the comprehensive title of "the *Grammatical Omnibus*." It is executed with considerable shrewdness, though many of the editor's points may be controverted. His plan is to give the Pronunciation of certain words most liable to mis-pronunciation, and then to quote certain "vulgarisms and faulty expressions corrected according to the best Grammarians and Speakers;" and thus he runs through the alphabet. His vulgarisms, for instance, remind us of the formidable column of cockneyisms, that created no small wincing by its appearance in the *Mirror*, two or three volumes since.

ATLAS OF THE BIBLE.

THE Proprietors of the *Family Cabinet Atlas* have commenced a *Biblical Series* of Maps, in the elaborate style of the

first-mentioned work. The First Part contains the Tribes of Asher and Naphtali—and Zebulun—the environs of Jerusalem—and the Kingdom of David and Solomon. We scarcely need add, that we wish the projectors all the success their ingenuity deserves; with that they will be rich indeed.

COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

A LOCAL miscellany, entitled the *Gorleston and Southtown Magazine*, has reached its twentieth number, and, judging from the specimen before us, must have afforded the readers in that district no inconsiderable portion of instructive amusement. It is published weekly, and contains fifty pages for sixpence. This number, too, has a plate of Gorleston Church, else we would specially recommend Parochial Antiquities to the attention of the editor.

TRIP TO PARIS.

OUR esteemed Correspondent T. S. A. of Tipton, has thrown the incidents of his recent journey to Paris into agreeable rhymes, and printed them in about 100 small octavo pages. They denote him to be an amiable as well as ingenious observer, and must ensure him the kindest feelings of respect from all his readers.

PAGANINI.

THE *Harmonicon* opinion of the great violinist is worthy of note:—

"The first wonder that struck us in the performance of Paganini was his simultaneous production of bowed and pizzicato notes. While the air employs his bow on the first string, he adds an accompaniment, in harmony of two and sometimes three notes, on the others, with such fingers *and thumb* as are not engaged in the legato passage.

"His harmonics are the next source of surprise. Besides the ordinary mode of producing them, he obtains a new series in an instant, by one single, sudden, dexterous turn of a peg, thus giving a different tension to his string. But this is not all: by making an artificial *nut* on any part of a string, which he does with apparent ease, he obtains a new generator, thus being enabled to command harmonics in every scale, and almost unlimited in number; and these he plays in double notes—in thirds certainly, as also in sixths and octaves, if we are not mistaken. Double shakes he likewise executes in the

harmonics. His performance on the fourth string, though by no means so astonishing, in our opinion, as what we have mentioned, is, nevertheless, a remarkable effort.

"The staccato of Paganini is more distinct, more crisp, than any we have ever heard. It has in *The Times* been thus described:—'He strikes the bow once on the string, and it seems to run by a tremulous motion over as many notes as he chooses to include in the staccato passage.' The bow acts, we will add, with the elasticity of a spring fixed at one end, and made to vibrate.

"All these are peculiar to himself; but in playing double notes of every kind, rapid arpeggios, chords, and whatever in the shape of difficult execution other performers have triumphed over, he is equally ready and perfect. His intonation, too, whether in double stops, high shifts, or harmonics, is unfailingly true. From all that we have said, therefore, it will be obvious that we think Paganini the most astonishing violinist that ever appeared. But whether we consider him the best is another matter, and a question to be entered into in our next, by which time the present *rage* will be a little abated, and the voice of calm inquiry may perhaps be listened to with patience and candour.

"Paganini's compositions—forming our judgment on those he has brought forward here—show him to be a good musician and a man of genius. They exhibit great boldness in search of effect, and many original traits; but these are more observable in the novel use he makes of his own and other instruments, than in his melodies, which, though pleasing, are not remarkable for their newness, or in his harmonies, which bear little appearance of study, and indicate no great exertion of the inventive faculty."

Apropos of Jokes and Paganini. It was laughingly said the other day, that this popular performer furnishes his violin with strings formed of the late Pope's intestines. "Ay," added another, "made from the colon chiefly, which will account for the infallibility of his stopping."

WENDA, PRINCESS OF POLAND.

THIS princess was of surprising beauty, of great talents, and of still greater ambition. Power she deemed too sweet to be divided with another, and she therefore resolutely refused all offers of marriage. Incensed at her haughtiness, or in the hopes of accomplishing by force

what persuasion had attempted in vain, Rudiger, one of her lovers, who was a German prince, adopted a novel mode of courtship. At the head of an army he invaded her dominions. She marched against him. When the two armies met, Rudiger again besought her to listen to his suit, and thereby spare the effusion of blood. The maiden was inexorable: she declared that no man should ever share her throne; that she would never become the slave of a husband, since, whoever he might be, he would assuredly love her person much less than her power. Her answer being spread among the officers of Rudiger, produced an effect which he little foresaw. Filled with admiration at the courage of the princess, whom they perceived hurrying from rank to rank in the act of stimulating her followers to the combat, and convinced that all opposition to her will would be worse than useless, they surrounded their chief, and asked him what advantage he hoped to gain from such an expedition. "If thou shouldst defeat the princess, will she pardon thee the loss of her troops? If thou art subdued, will she be more disposed to love thee?" The passion of Rudiger blinded him to the rational remonstrances of his followers: he persisted in his resolution of fighting: they refused to advance: in utter despair he laid hands on himself, and turned his dying looks towards the camp of the Poles. Wenda, we are told, showed no sign of sympathy at the tragical news, but returned triumphant to Cracow. Her own end was not less violent. Whether, as is asserted, to escape similar persecution, or, as is equally probable, from remorse at her own cruelty, having one day sacrificed to the gods, she threw herself into the waters of the Vistula, and there perished.—*History of Poland, Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. XX.*

ORIGIN OF THE TEUTONIC ORDER.

IN its origin this order was distinguished for humility. In the siege of Acre, eight Germans, seeing the number of wounded who daily perished for lack of assistance, formed themselves into a voluntary association for the purpose of mitigating, by their personal attendance, the agonies of which they were the spectators. For the victims left to expire under a burning sun, or amidst the deadly dews of night, they constructed tents made of the sails of ships: their next acts of mercy were to wash the wounds and to relieve the wants of the sufferers. Their zeal, so honourable

to humanity, and their valour which it exalted, drew on them the admiration of their generals. On the reduction of Acre, an hospital and a church were built for them in that town, and subsequently at Jerusalem. Their numbers were soon increased; their time was divided between the field and the bed of sickness; and their services were of such acknowledged utility, that the King of Jerusalem formed them into an order, to be called Knights of our Lady of Mount Sion. It was approved in 1191, by the Emperor, Henry VI., and Pope, Celestine III. By the statutes the knights were to be of noble descent, bound by their vows to celibacy, to the defence of the Christian Church and the Holy Land, and to the exercise of hospitality towards pilgrims of their own nation; their habit was a black cross on a white mantle; their rule that of St. Augustine. Their original number, besides their first grand master, Henry of Waelfort, was twenty-four laymen and seven priests; the latter had permission to celebrate mass clothed in complete armour, with swords at their sides. They were soon raised to forty, exclusive of numerous attendants. For some time their discipline was sufficiently rigorous; they suffered their beards to grow, and slept on the ground. Under their fourth grand master, Herman of Salsa, when their revenues had prodigiously increased, they relaxed from their austerities.—*Ibid.*

AN UXORIOUS KING.

No two men could be more unlike than Sobieski in the field, and Sobieski at his palace of government: in the former he was the greatest, in the latter the meanest, of men. He was justly despised for his tame submission to his worthless queen. To her he abandoned all but the load of administration; her creatures filled most offices in the state; all, too, were become venal, all conferred on the highest bidder. The bishop Zaluski, on this subject, relates an anecdote, sufficiently characteristic of the court where such a shameless transaction could take place. The rich See of Cracow being vacant, the queen one day said to the Bishop of Culm, "I wager with your sincerity that you alone will have the Bishopric of Cracow." Of course the prelate accepted the challenge, and, on being invested with the See, paid the amount. Zaluski himself opened a way to the royal favour by means equally reprehensible. He presented the queen with a medicine chest,

together with a book of directions for employing them, valued at a few hundred ducats; she received it with contempt. The offer of a silver altar, estimated at ten thousand crowns, of a valuable ring, and two diamond crosses, gratified her avarice, and made the fortune of the giver. Her temper was about equal to her disinterestedness. On one occasion the king had promised the great seal to Zaluski; the queen to Denhoff: of course the latter triumphed. "You are not ignorant," said the king to the disappointed claimant, his intimate friend, "of the rights claimed by wives; with what importunity the queen demands every thing that she likes; you only have the power to make me live tranquilly or wretchedly with my wife. She has given her word to another, and if I refuse her the disposal of the chancellorship, she will not remain with me. I know you wish me too well to expose me to public laughter, and I am convinced that you will let me do what she wishes, but what I do with extreme regret." Can this be the victor of Slobodyana, Podhaic, Kotzim, and Vienna?—*Ibid.*

KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE; OR, THE PLAIN WHY AND BECAUSE.

Part viii. — *Amphibia, Fishes, and Worms.*—Part ix. — *Insects.*

THESE Parts complete the Zoological Series of the present work, illustrating the habits and economy of the most interesting animals. We quote a few specimens from each Part, which range under the head "General Economy."

Fishes.

Why does swimming resemble flying?

Because the organs which are employed for both purposes, resemble the oars of a boat in their mode of action; and, in general, possess a considerable extent of surface and freedom of motion. The former condition enables them to strike the surrounding fluid with an oar of sufficient breadth, to give progressive motion to the body; and the latter permits the same organ to be brought back to its former position for giving a second stroke, but in a different direction, and without offering so great a resistance. The centre of gravity is so placed, that the body, when in action, shall rest on the oars or swimmers, or be brought by certain means to be of the same specific gravity with the water.

Why do fishes die almost immediately in the air?

Because asphyxia (or suspension of pulsation) is occasioned by the sinking

of the branchiæ, or gills, no longer supported by the interposition of water between their laminæ (or layers;) and this idea has been confirmed in prolonging the life of fishes, by artificially keeping the laminæ in the state of separation which the water produces. On the other hand, by compressing the branchiæ under water, similarly to their condition in the air, death occurred as quickly as in the latter fluid.

Why do fishes, when dead, float on the surface of the water, with the belly uppermost?

Because the body being no longer balanced by the fins of the belly, the broad muscular back preponderates by its own gravity, and turns the belly uppermost, as lighter, from its being a cavity, and because it contains the swimming bladders which continue to render it buoyant.—*White's Natural History of Selborne.*

Why have not fishes any voice?

Because they have not lungs. Although fishes possess no voice by which they can communicate their sensations to others, some species utter sounds when raised above the water, by expelling the air through the gill-opening when the flap is nearly closed; while others, even under water, as the salmon, utter certain sounds while depositing their spawn; but for what purpose these sounds are uttered, or by what organs they are produced, we are still ignorant.—*Fleming.*

Why are fishes said to have "true" fins and gills?

Because these organs may be distinguished from others to a certain degree analogous in young frogs, &c. The gills are filled with innumerable very delicate vessels, and are mostly divided on each side into four layers, which somewhat resemble the beard of a quill, and which are attached at their basis to a corresponding number of little bones.—*Blumenbach.*

Why are these fins essential to swimming?

Because they consist of jointed rays, covered by the common integuments: these rays serve to support the fishes, and approach or separate like the sticks of a fan, and move upon some more solid body as a fulcrum. Thus, in sharks, the rays of the fins behind the gill are connected by a cartilage to the spine. The motions of fish are indeed performed by means of their fins. The caudal, or tail fin, is the principal organ of progressive motion; by means of its various flexures and extensions, it strikes the water in different directions, but all

having a tendency to push the fish forward; the action resembling, in its manner and effects, the well known operation of the sailor termed skulling. The ventral and pectoral fins assist the fish in correcting the errors of its progressive motions, and in maintaining the body steady in its position. Borelli cut off, with a pair of scissors, both the pectoral and ventral fins of fishes, and found, in consequence, that all the motions were unsteady, and that they reeled from right to left, and up and down, in a very irregular manner.

Why have fishes such extraordinary number and bulk of muscles?

Because they may support that great expenditure and exertion, which is a necessary consequence of the peculiar abode, and whole economy of these animals.—*Blumenbach.*

Why have fishes gills?

Because they are calculated to separate air from water, with which it is always united, and bring it into contact with the blood. It is to be observed, however, that many animals which reside in the water, breathe by means of lungs, and are obliged, at intervals, to come to the surface to respire, such as whales; but there are no animals which reside on the land, and are furnished with gills, which are obliged to return to the water to respire.—*Fleming.*

Insects.

Why are insects so called?

Because they have a separation in the middle of their bodies, whereby they are cut (*insectus*, cut or notched, *Lat.*) into two parts, joined by a small ligature, as in the common house-fly.

Why is the life of insects the briefest of all existence?

Because the males rarely survive the inclemency of the first winter, and the females die after having deposited their eggs.

Why may the ephemeral nature of many tribes of insects be considered rather apparent than real?

Because the wonderful metamorphoses to which they are subjected, conceal their identity from the eye of the uninitiated, and greatly interfere with a continuous tracing of the same individual, from the egg to the perfect form. For example—many aquatic flies, such as the Ephemere and others, whose declared and more obvious existence, does not exceed a few hours, have, previous to their assuming the winged state, spent months or even years in the banks of rivers, and beneath the surface of the stream.

Why is the first Linnæan order of insects called Coleoptera?

Because they have wings in sheaths: (*koleos*, a sheath—*pteron*, a wing;) as the common black-beetle:—4,087 species.

Why is the second order called Hemiptera?

Because they have half of one wing overlaid by the other: (*hemisu*, half—*pteron*, a wing;) as the common cockroach:—1,427 species.

Why is the third order called Lepidoptera?

Because they have wings covered with very fine scales: (*lepis*, a scale—*pteron*, a wing;) as the butterfly:—2,570 species.

Why is the fourth order called Neuroptera?

Because they have reticulated or nerved wings: (*neuron*, a nerve—*pteron*, a wing;) as the dragon-fly:—174 species.

Why is the fifth order called Hymenoptera?

Because they have membranous wings: (*hymen*, a film—*pteron*, a wing;) as the bee:—1,265 species.

Why is the sixth order called Diptera?

Because they are two-winged: (*dis*, twice—*pteron*, a wing;) as the common gnat:—692 species.

Why is the seventh order called Aptura?

Because they have no wings: (*a*, privative—*pteron*, a wing;) as the spider and the centipede:—679 species.

About thirty years ago, the recorded number of insects amounted to about 11,000; but a great additional number has since been discovered and described. Humboldt says 44,000.

Why are insects so serviceable in the general economy of nature?

Because some destroy numerous kinds of weed in the bud, or extirpate them when full grown. Others feed on carrion, live in dung, &c., and thus destroy, disperse, and change noxious animal substances; on the one hand, obviating the infection of the air; and on the other, promoting the fertilization of the earth. It is in this way, for instance, that flies are so serviceable in warm climates. So again, innumerable insects effect the impregnation of plants in a very remarkable manner.

Why are insects important in the arts?

Because of the ready adaptation of their labours to many of the conveniences of life. Thus, mead is prepared in many parts of Europe from the honey of bees; silk is employed for clothing; several insects, as cochineal, afford ex-

cellent dyes. Galls are employed for ink; wax, for lights, and other purposes. Lac, employed to make varnish, sealing-wax, &c., is produced by a certain Indian species of coccus. As medicines, we have Spanish flies, ants; and, adds Blumenbach, the oil-beetle, recommended for hydrophobia, and many beetles for relieving tooth-ache.

Why have insects antennæ or feelers?

Because the organ of touch is not generally distributed over the body, and the antennæ are considered as appropriated to this sense. These organs are two or more in number, and are present in all the crustacea and insects, but wanting in the arachnidæ, or spider genus. They are situated on the head, usually between the eyes and the mouth. They consist of a number of joints, in general capable, by their flexibility, of examining the surface of a body.—*Fleming.*

Spirit of Discovery.

THE RIVER NIGER.—TERMINATION IN THE SEA.

MR. JAMES MACQUEEN, of Glasgow, in a Letter to *Blackwood's Magazine* for the present month, lays claim to no small share of the recent Discovery, which is borne out by the facts he has quoted. He then says,

"With these observations, I shall proceed to take a short survey of the coast and termination of the river Niger, and the advantages which its navigable stream can afford to the commerce of Africa, and which it will, I hope, speedily afford to the commerce of this country.

"The branch of the Niger at present best known springs on the north-eastern side of the mountain called *Loma*, in 9 deg. 15 min. N. latitude, and 9 deg. 36 min. W. longitude, about 200 miles N.E. by E. of Sierra Leone, and eastward of the sources of the *Rokelle* and *Kouranko* rivers, which run into the inlet of the sea on which Sierra Leone is situated. From *Loma*, the Niger, under the name of the *Joliba*, bends its course N.E. through *Sulimana* and *Kankan* to *Couroussa*, a town situated about eighty miles east of *Timbo*, where De Caillé, in his late journey, going eastward, crossed it, and found it, before the inundation commenced, to be 900 French feet broad, and nine feet deep, with a current at the rate of 2½ miles per hour. The magnitude of the river at this place goes to prove that between *Loma* and *Couroussa*, the Niger must

have received a large tribute from the east, and which I conceive to be the *Coomba* or *Zamma* river, laid down in my first map, and which river is found to the N.W. of Ashantee, a considerable stream, running westward; and, as we find no rivers entering the sea on the Gold Coast, from the *Assine* river to the *Mesurado* river, so it is almost certain that the *Coomba* is a branch of the Niger. It is remarkable that Ptolemy brings a branch from the same quarter, while, in some very old and excellent Dutch maps, I find the higher course of the *Joliba* so laid down, and which, taking it to be the fact, will account for its great magnitude at *Couroussa*, within 100 miles of its reputed source.

"De Caillié, after crossing the river, continued his journey S.E. about 180 miles to *Time*, and afterwards N.E. about 90 miles to *Tangoora*, crossing in his journey numerous large streams descending from the Kong chain, all running N.W. to the Niger, particularly one at a short distance from *Couroussa*, named *Yandan*, 450 feet broad, and in his journey northward from *Tangoora* to *Jinne*, he crossed several other rivers, all bending their course N.W. to the Niger. From *Couroussa*, the Niger continues its course N.E. by *Kaniaba*, having previously, and a little below *Bourre*, received the *Tankisso*—(this stream was mistaken by *Mollien* for the parent branch of the *Ba Fing*, or Senegal)—a considerable river which rises a little to the west, and runs a little to the south of *Timboo*. From this junction the Niger pursues its course to *Bam-mako*, situated in 12 deg. 48 min. north latitude, and 3 deg. 40 min. west longitude, where Park, in his second journey, fell in with it, and found it in the early part of the wet season, *one mile broad*, but still confined within its natural banks. From this place the *Joliba* continues its course nearly east by *Yamina*, *Sego*, and *Sansanding* (here Park embarked upon it in his large canoe in his last journey) to *Jinne*, where it appears to be divided into several branches, or else to receive from the N.W. some tributary streams.

Having visited *Jinne*, De Caillié embarked on the eastern branch, about 1,200 feet broad, at *Cougallia*, and proceeded in a course nearly due north to *Timbuctoo*, in a canoe of about 80 tons burthen, and accompanied the greater part of the way by a fleet of nearly 80 sail of vessels of the same magnitude, loaded with goods. In his journey northwards he passed the lake *Dibbie*, the great magnitude of which surprised

him exceedingly, and which stretches from east to west, instead of from north to south. In this lake I have reason to believe the Niger is joined by a river of very considerable magnitude, flowing from the N.W. and called by the Moors and Negroes *Gozenzair* or *Wad-el-Fenij*. From *Jinne* to *Timbuctoo*, the banks of the river were low and marshy. Below Lake *Dibbie* the river generally was very deep, and from half a mile to a mile broad, with a considerable current.—Although it was at the height of the dry season when De Caillié sailed down it, he found it larger than the Senegal at *Podor*, only 120 miles from the sea; in fact, says he, 'THE SENEGAL IS BUT AN ORDINARY RIVER COMPARED TO THIS.'

Near *Kabra*, the port of *Timbuctoo*, the Niger separates into two branches, the larger about *three-fourths* of a mile broad, bending its course to E.S.E., and the smaller about 100 feet broad, but deep, taking its course E. by N. to *Kabra*. The celebrated city of *Timbuctoo* is about eight miles north from *Kabra*, and from the most accurate information which has as yet been received, stands in 17 deg. 30 min. north latitude, and 2½ deg. east longitude. From *Kabra* the small branch of the Niger turns S.E. and joins the parent stream to the eastward, from which point we have reason to believe the Niger flows, in the general bearing of its course S.E. in an united stream, till it approaches *Boussa*, from which place its course is on the general bearing south, until it reaches the sea. From *Timbuctoo* to *Youri* we know very little of the Niger, or the country around it, except from the journey of *Sidi Hamed*, who, as regards the river, describes it as a very large stream, and the further fact, that Park navigated it in safety to *Boussa*. At *Cabi*, above *Youri*, the Niger, which here assumes the name of *Quorra*, or *Kowara*, is joined by a considerable river, and which rises to the east, and flows to the north of the city of *Saccatoo*, from which place the stream bends its course S.W. to the Niger at *Cabi*. At *Boussa* the Niger divides itself into three branches, two of which are filled with rocks and rapids, but still passable by vessels; and the other, called *Menai*, where Park was lost, is a deep, still-running stream. *Boussa* is situated in 6 deg. 11 min. east longitude, and 10 deg. 14 min. north latitude, and consequently about 420 British miles, in a direct line from the sea, at the mouth of the Bonny river. *Boussa* is an island formed by the Niger. At a

short distance below Boussa, the Niger unites in one stream, represented by Clapperton to be a quarter of a mile broad in the dry season. The magnitude of the Niger above Timbuctoo, and its magnitude in the Delta of Benin, as compared to what it is represented to be, near Boussa, naturally excites surprise, and can only be accounted for, if the width given be correct, which, however, I much doubt, from the greater rapidity of its current over the rapids, which are found in this part of its course. Thus we see the great river Congo, which above and below the cataracts is from four to five miles broad, reduced at the great cataract to the width of only fifty yards!

"From Boussa, the Niger proceeds south by Nyffe, and is joined in this part of its course by several considerable rivers, both from the east and from the west, to *Fundah*, a celebrated town situated to the eastward of *Katungah*, the capital of *Yarriba*. The river above *Fundah* (here several miles broad) bends for a short space to the east, turned aside, perhaps, by the granite hills of *Yarriba*. At *Fundah* the Niger is joined by a large river from the east, and which more probably is the *Coodonia*, or *Kadania*, mentioned by Lander in his first journey, as descending and receiving several other important streams, which descend from that elevated land and chain of high hills which commence to the south of *Kano*, in the meridian of 11 deg. east longitude, and which hills stretch S.S.E. to the high mountains of *Mandara*, the mount *Thala* of Ptolemy; and which elevated chain just mentioned intervenes between the river *Shary* and the lake *Tchad*, thus dividing the waters which flow from the S. and S.E. in the *Shary*, and from the west in the river *Yeou* into that lake, from the waters which, springing in the chain mentioned, flow westward and south-westward to the Niger. About *Fundah*, also, I cling to the belief, that the Niger is joined by a great river, descending by Mount *Thala*, from the *Mountains of the Moon*. From *Fundah*, the river bends its course south through Benin, in which country, and probably about 7 deg. of north latitude, it separates into numerous branches, the principal of which are the *Rio de Formosa*, certainly the parent stream which enters the sea in the Bight of Benin, and the *Bonny* and *New Calabar* rivers, which flow to the S.E. to the sea nearly opposite the Island of Fernando Po. These rivers, as we shall presently see, are of great magnitude.

From the Bight of Benin to the Bight

of Biafra, no fewer than twenty rivers enter the sea through this alluvial Delta, which is completely flooded to a great distance from the sea, during the swell of the rivers in the rainy season. The *Rio de Formosa* is three and a half British miles broad at its mouth, where there are two bars of mud, with 13 feet water on each. Upwards in its course it spreads to a breadth of four miles, and is four or five fathoms deep, throwing off numerous branches to the S.W., S., and S.E., and on every large branch to the W.N.W., which joins the sea near Lagos. From *Rio de Formosa* to Cape *Formosa*, six rivers, each of considerable magnitude, enter the sea. The *Rio dos Forcados* is the largest of these. Its mouth is the first to the south of the *Rio de Formosa*. South of it is the large lake called *Warree*. Passing Cape *Formosa*, we have six rivers (the first and nearest the Cape is the river *Nun*, by which the Landers descended to the sea), which enter the sea before we come to the great outlet of the New Calabar and Bonny rivers, which join the sea by four different mouths, the principal of which is *eleven miles broad*, and very deep, with a large bank of sand on the west point, on which, though the water is thirty feet deep, the breakers are fearful, owing to the prodigious force of fresh water which here encounters a powerful current in the sea.—Eastward we find a great inlet of the sea, at its mouth twelve miles broad, extending north nearly 100 miles, and which is joined by *Cross* river coming from the N.W., and certainly a branch of the Niger; and by the *Rio Etrei* river and Old Calabar river, both descending from the high lands to the sea eastward; but which have, I believe, no communication with the Niger.

"I have thus, and as concisely as possible, brought before the reader the course and termination of this mighty stream, which has baffled the researches of the learned and the curious for nearly 3,000 years. Its course in the general bearings of the line of its bed will, from Loma to Bonny river, be nearly 2,600 British miles, without reckoning anything for the length of the *Coomba*, probably the parent stream. Of this course we know it is navigable, and has been navigated from Couroussa to the sea, a distance of about 2,500 miles. The countries round its banks are in general very populous. The inhabitants are comparatively industrious, and to a certain extent advanced in civilization; and they are moreover great traders, and anxious to engage in trade. The supply of Eu-

ropean articles which they receive is principally obtained from the Moors and Arabs, after tedious and very expensive and dangerous journeys across the Great Desert, which so enhances the price, that few can purchase; but the water communication, by means of the Niger, will so greatly reduce the price, that it will render the consumption of European articles much more extensive; while the supply of fire-arms and other munitions of war, which the nations in the interior will by this means, and by this communication receive, will speedily enable them to repel the fierce inroads of the *Fellatahs*, and other wandering Moorish tribes who dwell on the southern borders of the Great Desert, and there live by plundering the caravans and the peaceable and the more industrious nations of the south, which pernicious inroads retard, and always will retard, the civilization of the interior of Africa. In giving the future trade with the interior its proper and natural course, namely, upwards from the Delta of Benin, by means of the Niger and its tributary streams, considerable and serious impediments will no doubt for a time be thrown in the way, by the ignorance and avarice of the chiefs, and the people composing and ruling the numerous states into which Africa along the Niger is unhappily disjointed; but these difficulties and impediments will be gradually removed; while at their outset, and in their greatest strength, they cannot for a moment be compared to the more vexatious impediments and terrific dangers which accompany the march of the trader through the bands of the ferocious and half-starved Moors and Arabs, who rove through the Great Desert, and live by plundering the ill-fated travellers who cross it. At any rate, it is by means of the water communication now laid open, that the interior of Africa ever can be benefitted by its intercourse with the civilized nations of Europe, or that these civilized nations of Europe ever can materially extend their trade with, and the consumption of European articles in the interior of Africa.

"The exports and imports into the interior of that country across the Great Desert, and from the sea-coast in the Bight of Benin and Biafra, amount annually, as near as I have been able to calculate, to nearly two millions sterling imports, and of exports to a greater amount; the former consisting chiefly of the coarser and of some fine articles of British manufactures and produce, and more especially, and which are more

eagerly coveted than the rest, articles necessary for domestic purposes, and for the cultivation of the soil, trade, navigation, and war; while the exports from Africa in return consist of gold dust and various articles of raw produce of great value and importance in carrying on the different branches of our manufactures. At this moment, when so many markets are shut against us, and so many more are rendered so unproductive, the trade to which I have alluded is of great importance to this country to look after, as, by perseverance and judicious management, the greater portion thereof, increased and increasing, would unquestionably fall into our hands. I am, &c.

"JAMES M'QUEEN.

"Glasgow, 18th June, 1831."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

MY PENSION.

WHAT, take away my Pension! a word with you,
Lord Grey,
You cannot be so barbarous! you mean not what
you say.
I have enjoyed for seven years twelve-hundred
pounds a year,
'Twas granted me by George the Fourth, how
can you interfere
I really hop'd you'd think it right to grant me an
extension;
It never once occur'd to me you'd take away
my Pension!

The thing's so inconvenient, you'll force me to
retrench,—
Indeed retrenchment will not do, you'll send me
to the Bench!
How can you serve a Lady so! oh! if I were a
man,
I'd call you out, my Noble Lord, and end you
with your plan;
You might retrench in many little ways that I
could mention,
But what on earth possesses you to take away
my Pension!

You ask about my services; but surely to in-
trade
And ask a Lady such a thing is little less than
rude:
Of course I could explain to you,—My Lord, I
say again,
If 'twas my pleasure so to do, of course I could
explain;
I'm sure I've many female friends of vastly less
pretension,
Who've met with greater recompense—then
don't disturb my Pension.

Reform may all be very proper in a certain line,
I never can object to it, it's no affair of mine;
Reform the House of Commons, and correct
abuses there,
But don't reform my little house in Green-street,
Grosvenor-square.
Don't seize my jewels to allay the popular dis-
sension—
You can't appease the Radicals with my poor
little Pension.

The Revolutionists abroad have stirr'd up all
this fuss,
But can your Lordship tell me what are Paris
mobs to us?

Because the papers bore one so about the row at Brussels,
Must English ladies interfere with Foreign people's bustles?
Now be assur'd, my Noble Lord, 'twas folly set the French on;
You really are *not* call'd upon to take away my Pension.

Propriety might prompt your economical design in many cases doubtless, but believe me *not* in mine:

Were I alone, I now *might* make a sacrifice, 'tis true,
But all my Family, you know, have little pensions too:

My Brothers and my Cousins would go mad were I to mention
The revolutionary scheme of giving up a Pension.

I think it would be setting an extremely bad example

In times like these, when people are endeavouring to trample

On all our ancient usages, and raising such a storm

About the Place and Pension List, and Radical Reform,—

I say, my Lord, that I should feel deserving reprehension

If I—by these intimidated—threw away my Pension.

I'm quite convinced the only way of setting matters right,

And making common people see things in a proper light,

Is, keeping up the ancient aristocracy of course, And keeping down piebians with a military force:

The Lower Orders really are so dull of comprehension,

They can't see the utility of granting me a Pension.

The truth is this—(you must not deem these few remarks intrusive)—

The Aristocracy are not sufficiently exclusive, They call on Mistress *this* and *that*, and curtsy at a ball

To people who, in point of fact, are nobodies at all!

I never could perceive the use of smiling condescension—

It makes the upstarts insolent, they cavil at a Pension!

When I am at my country seat, I shun this growing evil,

No member of the niddling ranks presumes to call me civil;

I never call on *them*, and if one dares pay me a visit,

She comes in some old fashion'd gown, and I and Laura quiz it;

And at the Race-ball once a-year I sit the upper bench on,

In high unbending dignity,—so I deserve my Pension.

Now pray, my Lord, consider this, you're ruin'd if you grant

Concessions of the sweeping kind the common people want:

The Aristocracy must not be interfered with thus,

Pray tell me what are starving individuals to us!

To pacify the Radicals, and end all this contention,

We'll call my little income by some other name than Pension.

Of course, my Lord, you can retrench in *every* other way.

The Clerks in Public Offices may scribble on half-pay;

The Captains and the Cornets, and the Carates may be felled,

(The incomes of the Bishops, by the by, should be increased.)

I see you are convinced, my Lord, and through your intervention

I trust, in spite of Mr. Hume, you'll let me keep my Pension.

New Monthly Magazine.

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKESPEARE.

THE GREAT AND GOOD.

A VETERAN officer who served during the American war with the late Duke of Northumberland, (then Earl Percy) being much reduced, was compelled to sell his half-pay. Without one penny in his pocket or the means of food for the day, necessity urged him to call at Northumberland House; finding his grace at home, he requested the porter to give him a slip of paper, and wrote as follows:—"The writer of this is now a beggar at your grace's gate.

late captain of the — regiment." The note was taken, and the officer ushered into the presence of that great and good man, who with that princely munificence which ever marked his character, presented to the veteran a £100. note, at the same time requesting his address; and with pleasure I state that a similar note was sent on every Christmas Eve, until his demise, which took place the 10th of July, 1817, when, alas, it was discontinued, although the officer was nearly eighty years of age.

WHY is a man who deals in stale jokes like a stock jobber? Because he depends on fun-dead property.

Who are the most disinterestedly good? Those who are good for nothing.

Which are the two letters in the English alphabet most disagreeable to ladies? D K—decay.

A YOUNG Irishman (placed by his friends as a student at the veterinary college) being in company with some of his colleagues, was asked, "If a broken-winded horse were brought to him for cure, what he would advise?" after considering for a moment, "By the powers," said he, "I should advise the owner to sell as soon as possible."

RIVER GUAYAQUIL.

THE tide in the river Guayaquil, in South America, runs sometimes at the rate of seven miles per hour; by which means the delusion of the apparent motion of fixed objects is very great. A

vessel coming down the river with a fair wind, and under easy sail, will run at the rate of eight miles per hour, and in consequence of the narrowness of the channels in some parts of the river, is obliged to pass rather close to the shores; thus the trees on the banks appear to be flying past her at the rate of fifteen miles per hour. Notwithstanding this velocity, it is impossible to approach within any short distance, the numerous alligators which lie basking in the mud on the banks, appearing like the trunks of dead trees. Their sense of the approach of strangers is so great, that they immediately dive into the river and are no more seen. It is seldom possible to get more than one shot at them with a musket. The ball bounds off their scaly sides as it strikes them, and they suddenly disappear in the muddy water of the river.—*United Service Journal*.

TURTLE.

At San Blas, on the coast of Darien, a small settlement of Indians is established for the sole purpose of taking turtle. The settlement is situated among a group of kays, and has a small but very secure harbour, in which coasters may safely ride. It is under the management of three English, two American, and three Columbian traders, who make a vast profit from the shell. The quantity of tortoise-shell taken by them amounts on an average to 15,000 lbs. per year, the value of which is about 28,000*l*. The produce of their employment varies very much according to the nature of the season, as in some years they take as much as 32,000*l*. worth of shell; an enormous produce for one out of the many like establishments on this coast. It is a curious fact, that the handsomest shell, and consequently the most valuable, is stripped from the animal while living, the beauty of the shell always becoming less as the animal dies. The dreadful torture which the creature endures by the operation finds no consideration in the minds of the traders.—*Ibid*.

EPITAPHS.

At Butterton, a village in Staffordshire.

NEAR to this stone John Barnet lies,
There's no man frets, nor no man cries,
Where he's gone, or how he fares,
There's no man knows, nor no man cares.

COX, THE COMEDIAN, AND THE SMITH. Mr. Robert Cox was an excellent comedian, who lived in the reign of King Charles I. He performed in his own Drolls, at the Red Bull Playhouse, Clerkenwell, and in country towns, at wakes and fairs. A large collection of them were published after the restoration, by Kirkman. Once after he had been playing Simpleton the *Smith*, in his own droll of Diana and Acteon, a *real smith* of some eminence in those parts, who saw him act, came to him, and offered to take him as his journeyman, and even to allow him twelvepence a-week more than the customary wages.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "LOBSTER," AS APPLIED TO SOLDIERS.

THE following is recorded in *Clarendon's History of the Rebellion*, as having occurred in the year 1643:—"Sir William Waller received from London a fresh supply of 500 horse, under the command of Sir Arthur Hasleig, which were so completely armed, that they were called by the king's party 'the regiment of lobsters,' because of their bright iron shells, with which they were covered, being perfect cuirassiers, and were the first seen so armed on either side."

THE SIR-LOIN TABLE.

THERE is now, or was lately, at Friday-hill House, in the parish of Chingford, the oak table upon which King Charles knighted the loin of beef. The house is a large building, containing more than thirty rooms, and is in a dilapidated state, but has lately been repaired. Report has it that it was originally a hunting seat of Queen Elizabeth. The table is thick, and has a clumsy appearance: is made of English oak, and from the effects of time is a little decayed. Some of the knots of the wood have been lately taken out, and pieces of oak of the same age neatly let into it, and the top newly polished.
H. G.

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